

RIP
OFF
PRESS

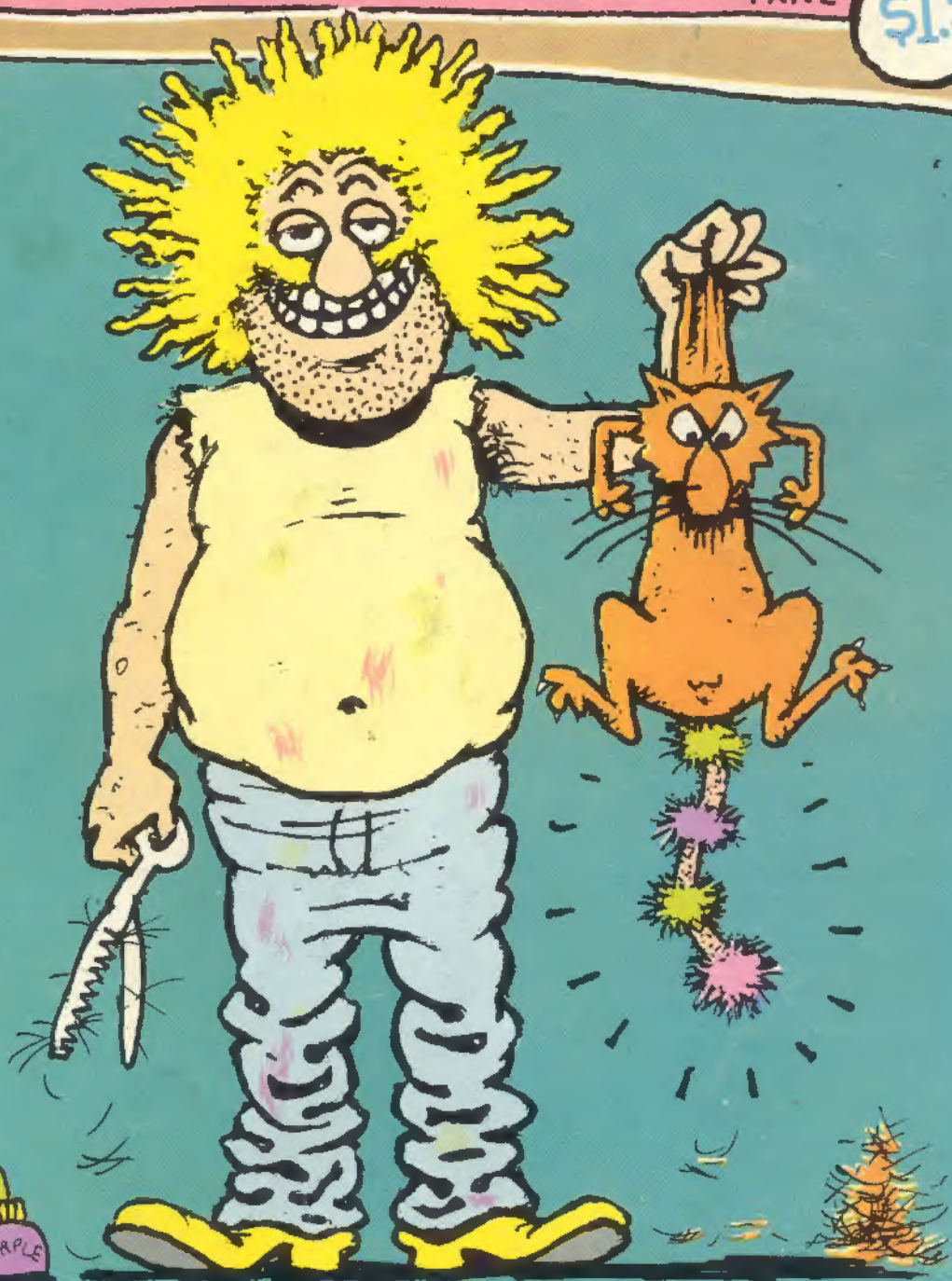
FAT FREDDY'S

COMICS & STORIES

№ 1 (COLLECTOR'S ITEM)

PRICE

\$1.50



EDITED BY Frederick P. Freekowtski, esq.

HUNH? WHAT? MY OWN COMIC BOOK?



MY VERY OWN COMIC?
WOW! THIS IS A DREAM
COME TRUE! THE CHANCE
OF A LIFETIME!



WHERE'S THE PENCIL AND
PAPER? I'M HEADING FOR
THE BIG TIME! MOVE OVER,
SPIDERMAN, HERE I COME!



HERE GOES!
I'LL START AT THE BEGINNING!

OOF!

GRUNT!



THEY CALLED
FAT

CHAPTER ONE: HIS
HUMBLE ORIGINS

He was born in Cleveland
one day of humble parents
like you and me. I.

HIM
FREDDY

These were extremely perilous
times for our hero. The very first
thing he remember is when
he slipped and fell on his face
"dog do-do" which is extremely
plentiful in Cleveland Ohio
as it no doubt is throughout
inhabited world.

OH NO! I SPILLED INK
ALL OVER MY ARTWORK!



DRAWING THIS STUFF ISN'T
AS EASY AS IT LOOKS, YOU GUYS!



I KNOW! I'LL JUST MAKE
UP THE STORIES AND HAVE
RIP OFF PRESS HIRE A BUNCH
OF FAMOUS CARTOONISTS TO
DRAW THEM FOR ME REAL QUICK!



I'LL START WITH A CLASSIC
HORROR STORY! HEH HEH HEH!
JUST A SECOND, LET ME GET DRESSED!



HERE'S THE OLD GRAVEDIGGER...

HUNH? THEY DON'T USE GRAVEDIGGERS
ANY MORE? NOWADAYS THEY DIG
GRAVES WITH A BACK-HOE?



OKAY, THEN, IT'S THE OLD
BACK-HOE OPERATOR!

HEE HEE HEE CACKLE CACKLE



RETURN WITH US NOW TO THOSE THRILLING DAYS OF YESTERYEAR, WHEN MEN WERE MEN AND COMIC BOOKS WERE COMIC BOOKS, AND GOD FORBID THAT EVER THE TWAIN SHOULD MEET. AFTER ALL, GROWNUPS DON'T READ COMIC BOOKS, RIGHT? IN FACT, GROWN MEN DON'T READ ANYTHING AT ALL IN OUR CULTURE. IF YOU EVER SEE ONE SNEAKING A LOOK AT ANYTHING OTHER THAN THE SPORTS SECTION, YOU CAN BE SURE HE'S EITHER A GEEK, A WIMP, OR A WOOSIE, OR ELSE A LITTLE KID DRESSED UP LIKE AN ADULT. SO, WIPE THE SNOT OFF YOUR LITTLE NOSE AND JOIN US NOW FOR A THRILLING OLD-TIME HORROR STORY, ONE OF THE GENERIC CLASSICS...

TALES FROM THE OLD BACK-HOE OPERATOR!



ARTISTS (IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE): GILBERT SHELTON, PAUL MAVRIDES, HAL ROBINS, JACK JACKSON, SPAIN RODRIGUEZ, GUY COLWELL, S. CLAY WILSON, & TED RICHARDS. STORYBOARDS & LETTERING: SHELTON.

IT APPEARED I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO **PHONE** THE **MECHANIC**. TO DO SO, I WOULD HAVE TO **TRAVERSE** THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE **CEMETERY**. IT LOOKED LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF OLD **E.C. COMICS**



HERE AND THERE TWISTED TREES WERE VISIBLE THROUGH THE MIST, LIKE GROTESQUE AND HULKING DEMONS RENDERED BY THE INIMITABLE **JACK DAVIS**.



COUNTLESS INSECTS AND ARACHNIDS WERE SKITTERING AND CLICKING IN THE DARKNESS, EACH ONE LOVINGLY DRAWN BY "GHOSTLY" **GRAHAM INGELS**.



THERE WERE MYSTERIOUS BIRDS LURKING IN THE SHRUBBERY, AND BATS FLITTING THROUGH THE FOGGY NIGHT, ALL DRAWN BY **WALLACE WOOD**.



NOW WE SEE A CLOSE-UP OF YOURS TRULY DONE BY THE GREAT **JACK KAMEN**, WHILE SOUND EFFECTS BY **WILL ELDER** ECHO THROUGH THE GLOOM.



FROM TIME TO TIME AN EXPRESSIONISTIC BOLT OF LIGHTNING, PENNED BY **HARVEY KURTZMAN**, WOULD ILLUMINATE THE EERIE, SURREAL SCAPE.



LONG AGO, THE LOCAL LEGEND GOES, A SAD AND HORRIBLE EVENT TOOK PLACE HERE, INVOLVING A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN BY **FRANK FRAZETTA**. IT WAS OVER BY THAT **CHARLES ADDAMS** GAZEBO.



THAT DOESN'T MATTER. THESE **GRAVESTONES** CAME FROM **EDWARD GOREY**, AND HE NEVER WORKED FOR **E.C. EITHER**. THE POINT IS, THIS SPOT IS REPUTED TO BE **HAUNTED**.



IT'S THE GHOST OF A **WIDOW** WHOSE **LOVER** WAS **EXECUTED** FOR THE **MURDER** OF HER **HUSBAND** AND THE GUY WAS **INNOCENT** BECAUSE HE WAS WITH **HER** THE NIGHT THE **HUSBAND** DIED BUT **SHE** CAN'T SAY ANYTHING.



THAT'S NOT THE WHOLE STORY. THE WAY IN WHICH THE **WIDOW** HERSELF ENDED WAS THE REALLY **TERRIBLE** PART. SHE HAD COME OUT AT NIGHT TO VISIT HER DEPARTED **LOVER'S GRAVE**



AND JUST AS SHE WAS PASSING **THIS VERY SPOT**, SHE SPOTTED SOMETHING **DARK, CHILLING, AND LUMPY**, HALF HIDDEN BEHIND A **BELLADONNA TREE**.



IT WAS...



IT WAS... A...





HA HA HA!
WERE YOU SCARED?
I BET YOU WERE
FRIGHTENED OUT
OF YOUR WITS!

YOU
WEREN'T
SCARED?



OH.



WELL, JUST WAIT A
MINUTE, THEN! GIVE
A LISTEN TO THIS!

"PRESIDENT GRANTS ADDITIONAL
THREE BILLION TO RIGHT-WINGERS
IN CENTRAL AMERICA..."

"CIA GIVEN EMERGENCY DOMESTIC
SURVEILLANCE POWERS; CRACKDOWN
ON CIVIL LIBERTIES EXPECTED..."

ECONOMY LURCHING OUT OF
CONTROL AS CONGRESS BICKERS
OVER TAX SHELTERS FOR RICH..."

"SOCIAL
SECURITY GOES
BANKRUPT..."

"FIFTY PERCENT
UNEMPLOYMENT
EXPECTED NORM..."



AND THAT
WAS ONLY PAGE
ONE. LET'S
SEE WHAT'S
INSIDE...

"TOTAL WAR BREAKING
OUT IN MIDDLE EAST..."

"CONGRESS TO
RE-ENACT SELECTIVE
SERVICE LAW..."

"GENERALS WANT
TO DROP JUST ONE
HYDROGEN BOMB AS
A 'WARNING'..."

WANTA HEAR
ANY MORE?



HEH HEH HEH!
I THOUGHT THAT
WOULD DO IT!



I GUESS HORROR STORIES JUST
AREN'T AS POPULAR AS THEY USED
TO BE, HUH, FOLKS? TOO HARD TO
COMPETE WITH THE NEWS! WHAT
PEOPLE SEEM TO WANT NOW IS THE
SCIENCE FICTION STUFF. WELL,
THERE'S SOME OF THAT COMING
RIGHT UP. MEANWHILE, I GOTTA GET
BACK TO WORK. THE HEAVY EQUIP-
MENT OPERATORS' UNION JUST
CAME OFF STRIKE AFTER SIX WEEKS
AND THERE'S A HUGE BACKLOG OF
PEOPLE WAITING TO BE BURIED!
I'M GONNA TAKE THAT BIG BULLDOZER
THERE AND SEE IF I CAN GET 'EM
ALL IN ONE HOLE! TOODLE-OO!



(ACTUALLY, I GOTTA
GO CHANGE INTO MY
SCIENCE FICTION
COSTUME!)

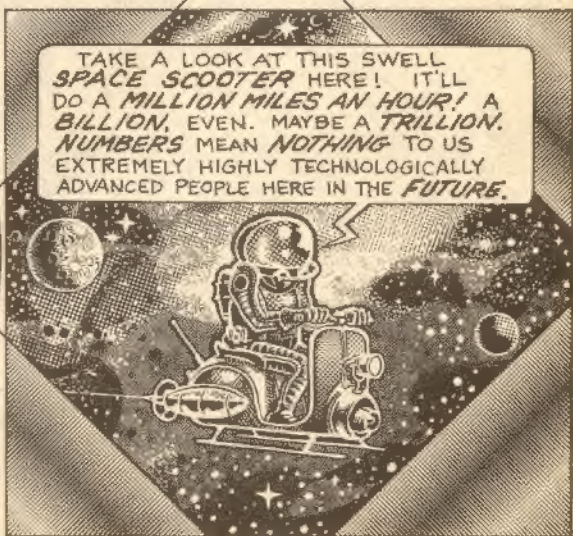
DA-DUMMMMMMMMM!!! REAL LOUD, SERIOUS-SOUNDING ORCHESTRA MUSIC. **BOOM BOOM BOOM** POO POO POO POO PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP TINKLE BUZZ CRASH! VIOLINS AND MOOG SYNTHESIZERS AND ALL THOSE THINGS. IT'S MILLIONS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE. **BILLIONS** OF YEARS. AND IT SEEMS THAT ALL THE EVIL AND UGLY FORCES IN THE UNIVERSE HAVE FORMED A **GREAT CONSPIRACY TO WIPE OUT** ALL THE **NICE FOLKS** BACK ON **EARTH**. ONLY **ONE HUMAN BEING** STANDS IN THE PATH OF THESE FIENDS AND MURDERERS, AND THIS MAN IS NONE OTHER THAN OUR OLD FRIEND **FANTASTIC FREDDY**, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS...

SPACE CASE



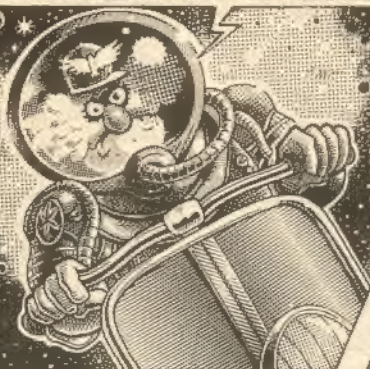
THEY USED TO CALL ME **FAT FREDDY**, BECAUSE I WAS **OVERWEIGHT**. BUT THEY CAN'T SAY THAT NOW. HERE IN **SPACE** I'M **TOTALLY WEIGHTLESS**.

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS SWELL **SPACE SCOOTER** HERE! IT'LL DO A **MILLION MILES AN HOUR!** A **BILLION**, EVEN. MAYBE A **TRILLION**. **NUMBERS** MEAN **NOTHING** TO US EXTREMELY HIGHLY TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED PEOPLE HERE IN THE **FUTURE**.



IT OUGHTA BE *REAL EASY* TO
PICK UP CHICKS WITH A SNAPPY
SET OF *WHEELS* LIKE *THIS*!

UNFORTUNATELY, THERE ARE VERY
FEW *WOMEN* IN *OUTER SPACE*.

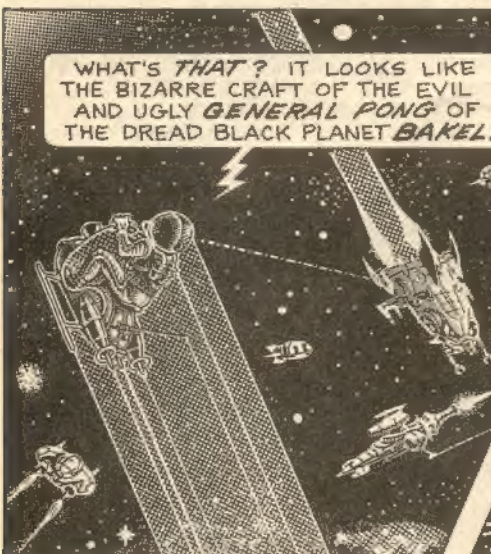


ANYWAY, I'M SUPPOSED
TO BE SAVING THE UNIVERSE
FROM THE GIANT COMBINED
CONSPIRACY OF EVIL AND
UGLY THINGS. I CAN'T BE
WASTING MY TIME *HERE*!

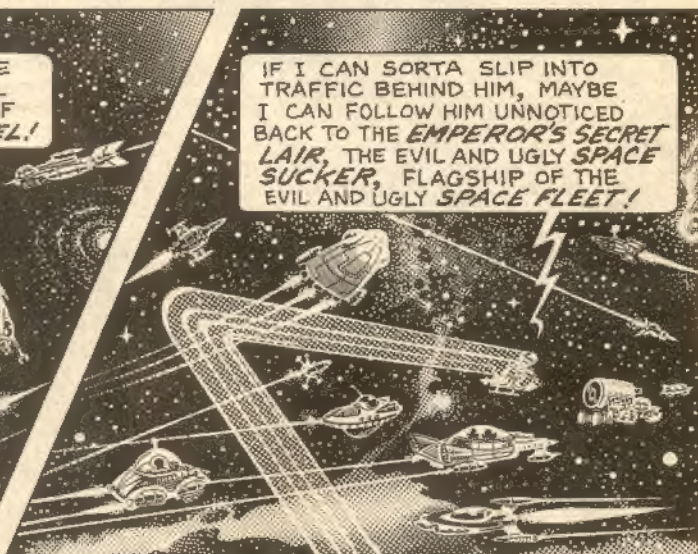
PTCHEWWWWWWW

* THERE IS NO SOUND
IN OUTER SPACE, EITHER
FAT FREDDY IS ACTUALLY
MAKING ALL THE SOUND
EFFECTS *HIMSELF*, IF YOU
DIDN'T KNOW THIS ALREADY.

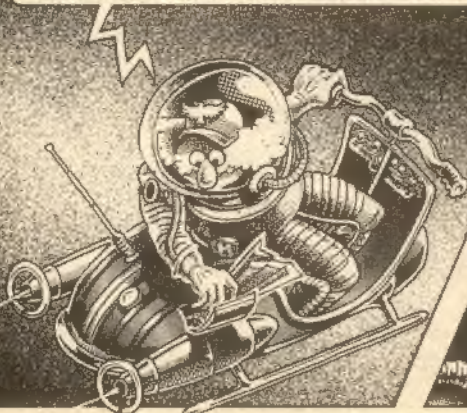
WHAT'S *THAT*? IT LOOKS LIKE
THE BIZARRE CRAFT OF THE EVIL
AND UGLY *GENERAL PONG* OF
THE DREAD BLACK PLANET *BAKEL*!



IF I CAN SORTA SLIP INTO
TRAFFIC BEHIND HIM, MAYBE
I CAN FOLLOW HIM UNNOTICED
BACK TO THE *EMPEROR'S SECRET
LAIR*, THE EVIL AND UGLY *SPACE
SUCKER*, FLAGSHIP OF THE
EVIL AND UGLY *SPACE FLEET*!

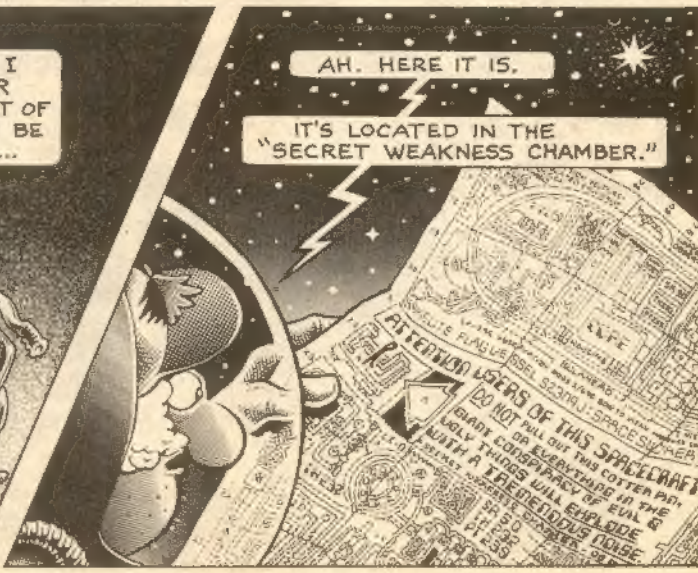


ONCE I GET INTO THEIR *SHIP*, I
SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND THEIR
SECRET WEAKNESS! THIS SET OF
PURLOINED *BLUEPRINTS* MIGHT BE
ABLE TO PROVIDE ME WITH A CLUE...



AH. HERE IT IS.

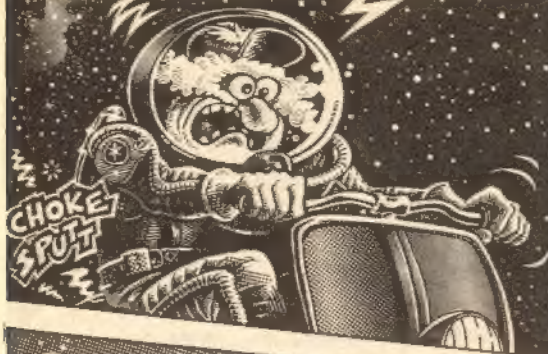
IT'S LOCATED IN THE
"SECRET WEAKNESS CHAMBER."



ALL I GOTTA DO IS GET THERE! IT'S A PIECE OF CAKE!

UH-OH! WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY VEHICLE?

AAAAAAARRGH!!! I'M OUT OF FUEL!!!
I FORGOT TO CHECK THE GAUGE!!!



MAYBE THEY HAVE SOME EXTRA POLLUTIONIUM PELLETS ON BOARD.

IF I CAN JUST DRIFT UP CLOSE ENOUGH BESIDE HER TO ATTACH MY EVER-HANDY MAGNETO-LINE.

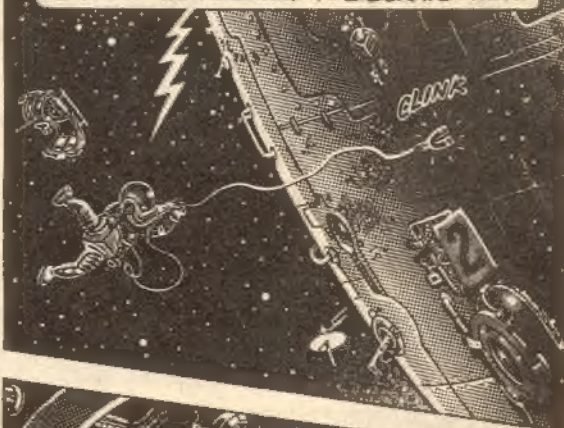


(SOB!) (CHOKE!) ALL IS LOST!
DESTINED TO DRIFT FOREVER IN
THE VAST REACHES OF SECTOR 35Q-
Y411-668772.23, OUTER SPACE!

WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT IS THAT
CRUISING SLOWLY IN THE DISTANCE?
IT LOOKS LIKE A SPACE FREIGHTER!



HEH HEH HEH! MAYBE IT'S FULL OF
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ON THEIR
WAY TO AN UNHAPPY SERVITUDE IN
THE BREEDING BROTHELS OF BETELGEUSE!
I WOULD BE REQUIRED TO LIBERATE THEM.

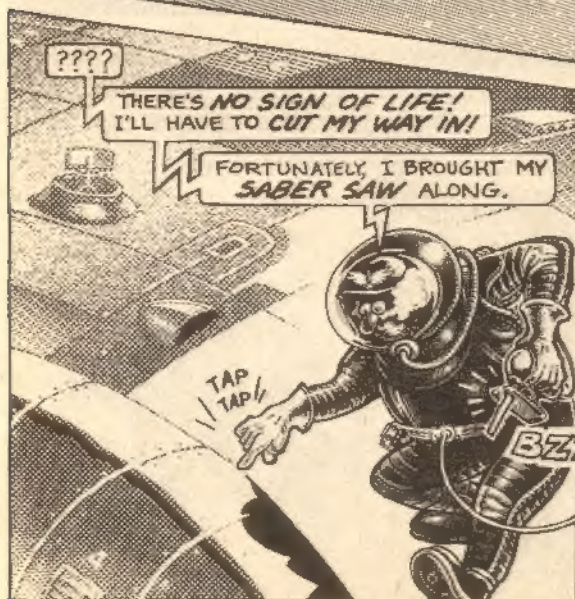


????

THERE'S NO SIGN OF LIFE!
I'LL HAVE TO CUT MY WAY IN!

FORTUNATELY I BROUGHT MY
SABER SAW ALONG.

TAP
TAP



GOSH, THIS IS SPOOKY !
I WONDER WHAT **HAPPENED**
TO THESE POOR GUYS !

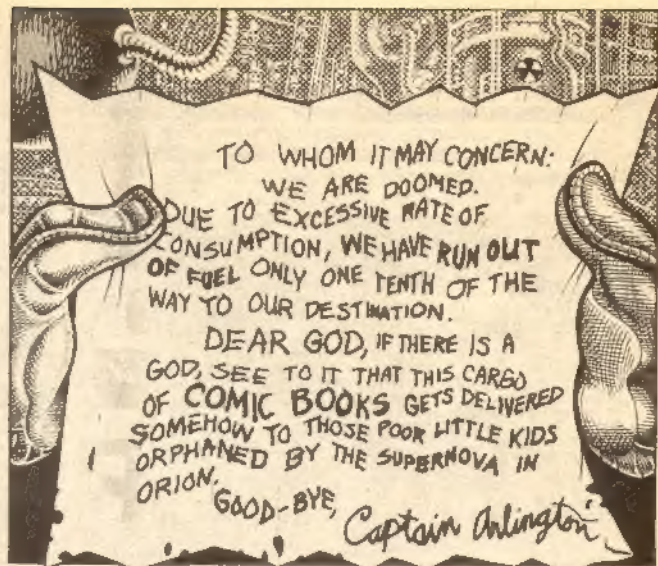
THIS ONE'S THE CAPTAIN.
AND HE'S CLUTCHING A PIECE
OF **NOTE PAPER** IN HIS HAND!
IT APPEARS TO BE... A **NOTE!**



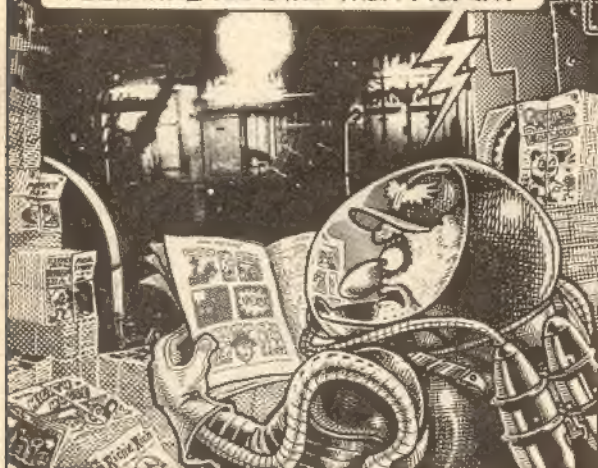
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
WE ARE DOOMED.
DUE TO EXCESSIVE RATE OF
CONSUMPTION, WE HAVE RUN OUT
OF FUEL ONLY ONE TENTH OF THE
WAY TO OUR DESTINATION.

DEAR GOD, IF THERE IS A
GOD, SEE TO IT THAT THIS CARGO
OF **COMIC BOOKS** GETS DELIVERED
SOMEHOW TO THOSE POOR LITTLE KIDS
ORPHANED BY THE SUPERNOVA IN
ORION.

GOOD-BYE,
Captain Arlington



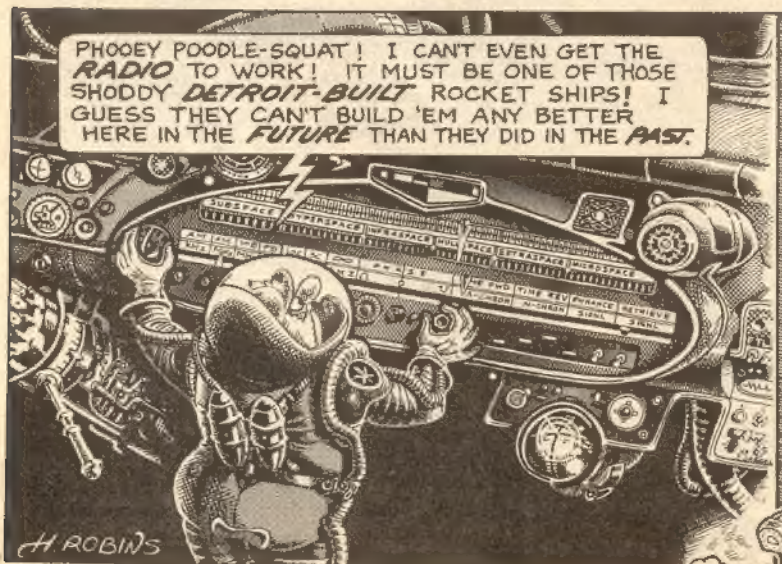
AW, HECK. I READ ALL THESE
COMICS WHEN I WAS A **KID**. I DON'T
FEEL LIKE READING THEM **AGAIN**.



YOU WANNA KNOW SOMETHING ?
OUTER SPACE IS JUST ABOUT
THE **Dullest** PLACE THERE IS.
IT AIN'T LIKE IN THE **MOVIES** AT ALL.



PHOOEY POODLE-SQUAT ! I CAN'T EVEN GET THE
RADIO TO WORK ! IT MUST BE ONE OF THOSE
SHODDY **DETROIT-BUILT** ROCKET SHIPS ! I
GUESS THEY CAN'T BUILD 'EM ANY BETTER
HERE IN THE **FUTURE** THAN THEY DID IN THE **PAST**.



I THINK EVERYONE'S GETTING
BORED WITH SCIENCE FICTION
NOW, ANYWAY ! LET'S **FACE**
IT : THE **FUTURE SUCKS!!**
WHAT PEOPLE LIKE RIGHT
NOW IS **BARBARIANS!**

HOLD ON
WHILE I
GO CHANGE!



H. ROBIN'S

WHO KNOWS WHAT PRIMITIVE POWERS AND PASSIONS ARE LURKING IN THE INTERIOR CAVITIES OF MAN? THE BARBARIAN KNOWS THAT'S WHO. AND WHO IS THE BIGGEST, BADDEST, BEST-LOOKIN', MOST INTELLIGENT, WEAIRIEST AND WITTIEST BARBARIAN OF ALL THE BARBARIANS?

FREDDY THE BARBARIAN!

THAT'S WHO! AND HE'S ALMOST
TOO BARBARIC TO BEAR!

GRUNT!

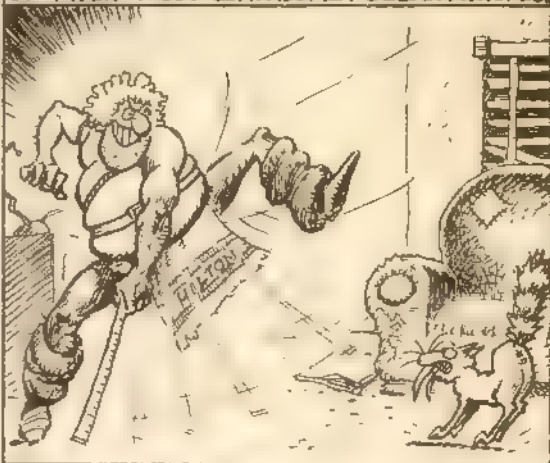
KISS ME, O
BARBIFEROUS ONE!



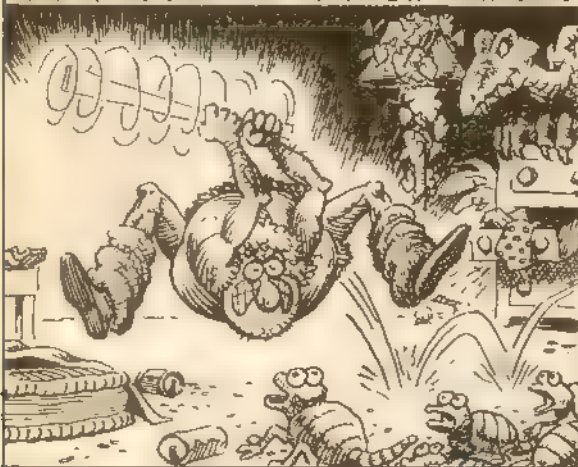
ARMED WITH HIS TRUSTY **METEWARD**, LO THE AWESOME BARBARIAN DID VENTURE FORTH, AND DID GO ABOUT FROM PLACE TO PLACE, EXACTING FROM THE POPULACE **TRIBUTES** AND **GRATUITIES**.



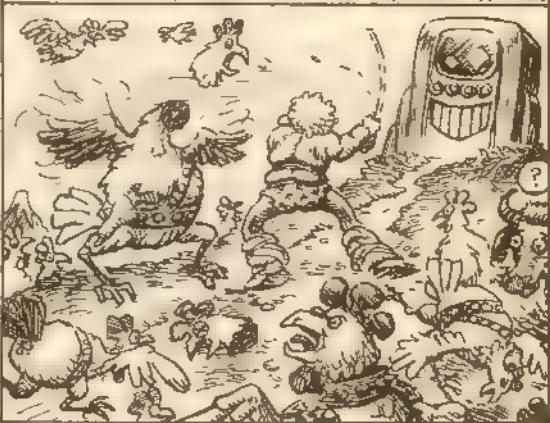
FIRST HE DID JOURNEY TO THE FAR REALM OF **NORTH ZULCH**, & WHILE ON HIS WAY, HE ENCOUNTERED AND SLEW A COVEN OF TWENTY-ODD LOATHSOME **PUSSANTHROPES**.



THEN HE HIED HIMSELF TO THE DISTANT EMPIRE OF THE **BRIGGLFILTIAN**S, WHERE HE SOUGHT OUT AND DISPATCHED THE DOLOROUS **PAFFLEWOOD**S IN AN ARMED ENCOUNTER LASTING **SIX** FORTNIGHTS.



WHEREUPON HE IMMEDIATELY SET OUT TOWARD THE **MYSTIC TOWER OF UPDOCK**, BUT THE ROUTE WAS BLOCKED BY THE **LEGIONS OF LEGHORN** AT THE CROSSROADS VILLAGE OF **OMELETTE**, & THEY DID FIGHT SWORD AND LANCE, TOOTH AND NAIL, HOUR AFTER HOUR, UNTIL THE **COWS** DID COME HOME.



THE **COWS**, HOWEVER, PROVED TO BE **WOLVES** IN **SHEEP'S CLOTHING**, AS OUT FROM THEIR DISGUISES POPPED THE DREADED, COW-BORING **PARASITE PEOPLE OF CELLULOID CITY**! THE **NOBLE BARBARIAN** WAS IN THE MIDST OF **NEGOTIATING A TREATY** WHEN THE SITUATION WAS **COMPLICATED BY THE INTERFERENCE** OF THE **ARMY OF SCRIBES**! ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT THE **SCORE WAS SETTLED**, AND THE **LANDSCAPE BECAME SCOURED OF ALL TREES**! THE **VERBIAGE WAS OVERWHELMING**! SO OUR BARBARIC HERO PULLED OUT HIS SWORD AND KILLED EVERYONE, WITHIN A DISTANCE OF **FOURSCORE AND ELEVEN HECTOMETERS**.



AND THEN, HE



HOLD ON I'VE RUN OUT OF FUNNY-SOUNDING NAMES.



JUST CALM DOWN, MISTER BARBARIAN. WHO'S TELLING THIS PARTICULAR STORY, YOU OR ME?



SO THEN THE BARBARIC ONE FOUGHT THE ARMY OF THE SPBLT'PPTT'OOEY AND DID...

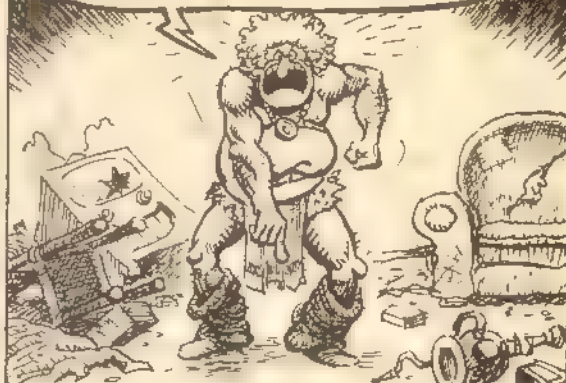
WAIT JUST A MINUTE HERE!

IS THIS ALL I'M EVER GOING TO GET TO DO? RUN ALL OVER THE PLACE KILLING THINGS?



WELL, YES. THAT'S ABOUT THE EXTENT OF IT.

WELL, I'M THE STAR OF THIS STORY AND I'M PUTTING MY FOOT DOWN! GET SOME WOMEN INTO THE SCENE OR I'M WALKING OUT!



OKAY. YOU ASKED FOR IT; YOU GOT IT.

PING

GLOW GLOW

WHIRR



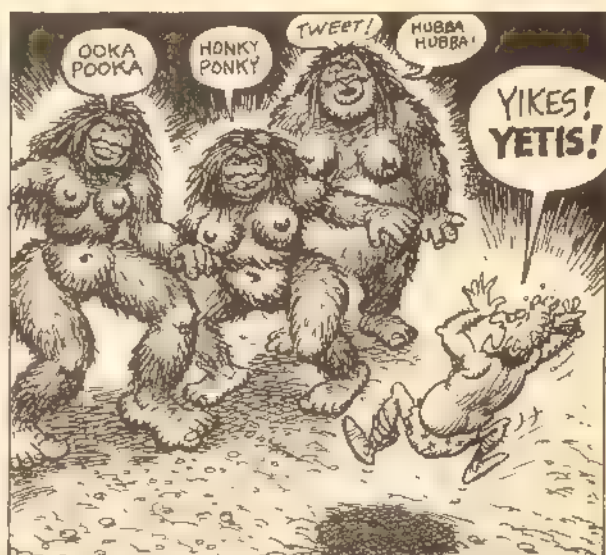
OOKA POOKA

HONKY PONKY

TWEET!

HUBBA HUBBA!

YIKES! YETIS!



YELP! SQUEAL! A YETI IS THE ONLY THING THAT STINKS WORSE THAN A BARBARIAN!!

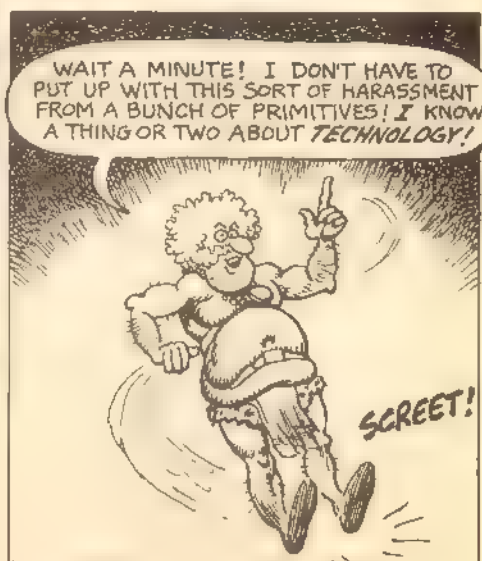
KISSY WISSY

HUGGY WUGGY!



WAIT A MINUTE! I DON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS SORT OF HARASSMENT FROM A BUNCH OF PRIMITIVES! I KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT TECHNOLOGY!

SCREEET!



NO MORE OF THAT OLD-FASHIONED, NAMBY-PAMBY "BIG-STICK POLICY" FOR THIS RED-BLOODED GUY! LOOK OUT, BARBARIANS, YOU'RE MESSING AROUND WITH

G.I. FREDDY

TASTE COLD STEEL,
BARBARIANS!

HAVE A WHIFF
OF GRAPESHOT!

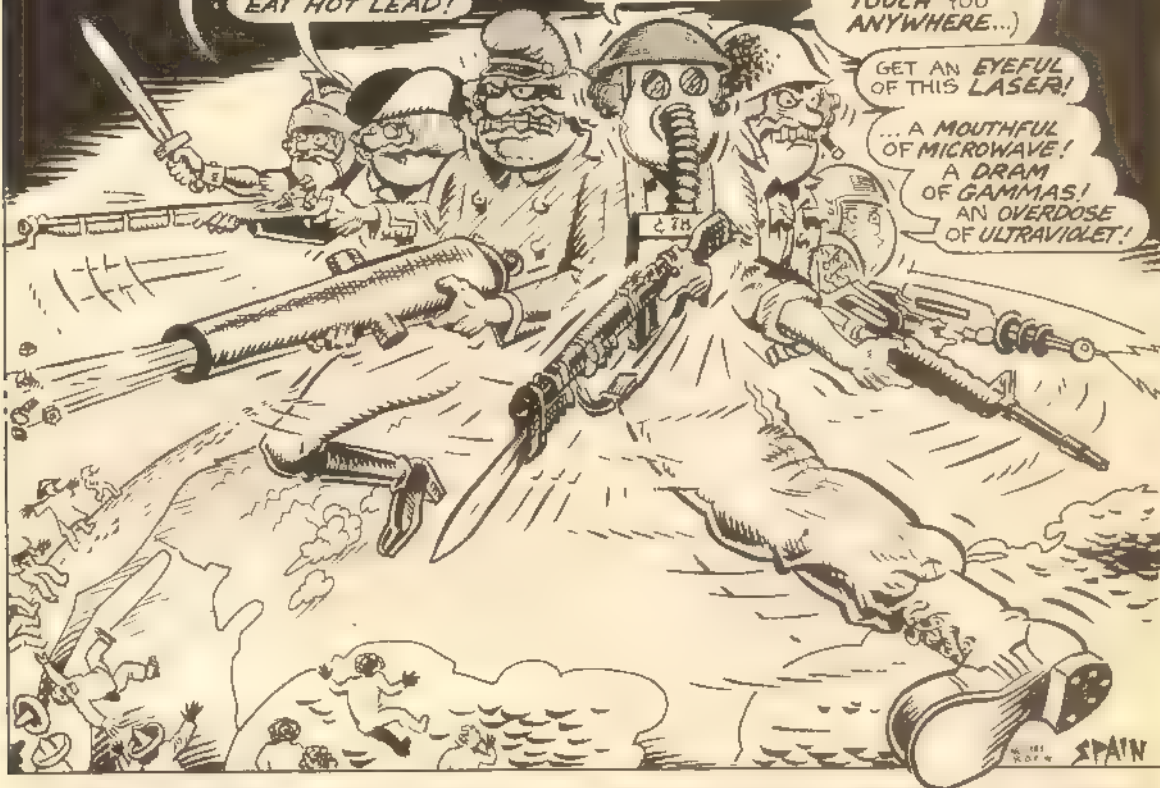
A SNIFF OF
MUSTARD GAS!

(AND JUST
LET A DROP
OF NERVE GAS
TOUCH YOU
ANYWHERE...)

EAT HOT LEAD!

GET AN EYEFUL
OF THIS LASER!

...A MOUTHFUL
OF MICROWAVE!
A DRAM
OF GAMMAS!
AN OVERDOSE
OF ULTRAVIOLET!

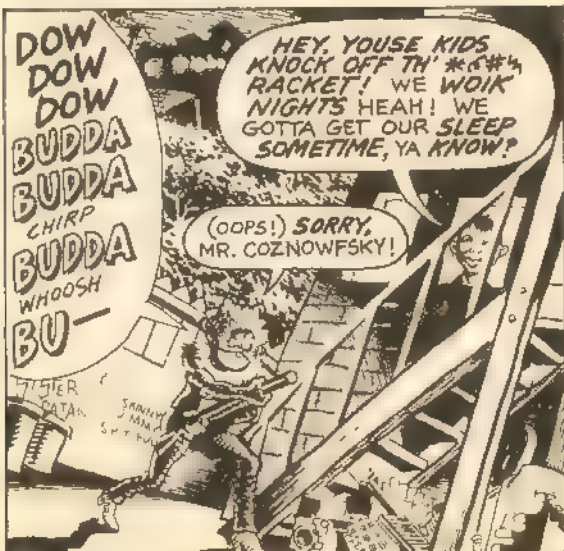


SPAIN

DOW
DOW
DOW
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
CHIRP
BUDDA
WHOOOSH
BU—

HEY, YOUSE KIDS
KNOCK OFF TH' *\$%#
RACKET! WE WOIK
NIGHTS HEAH! WE
GOTTA GET OUR SLEEP
SOMETIME, YA KNOW?

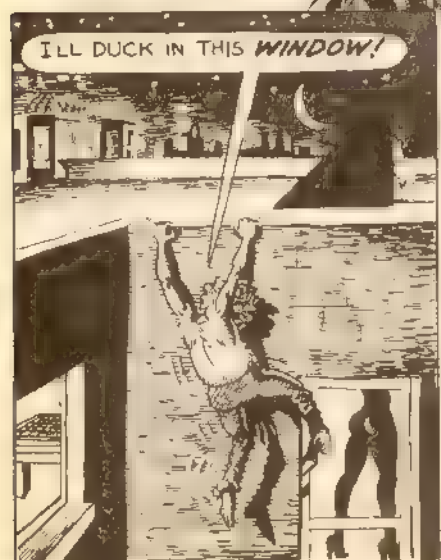
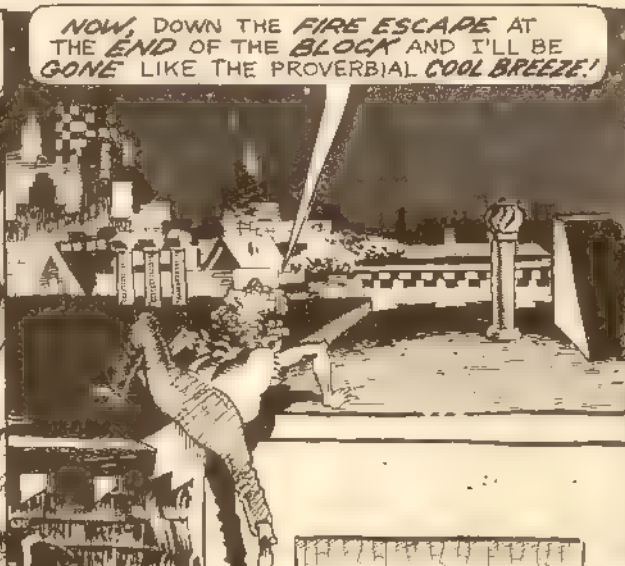
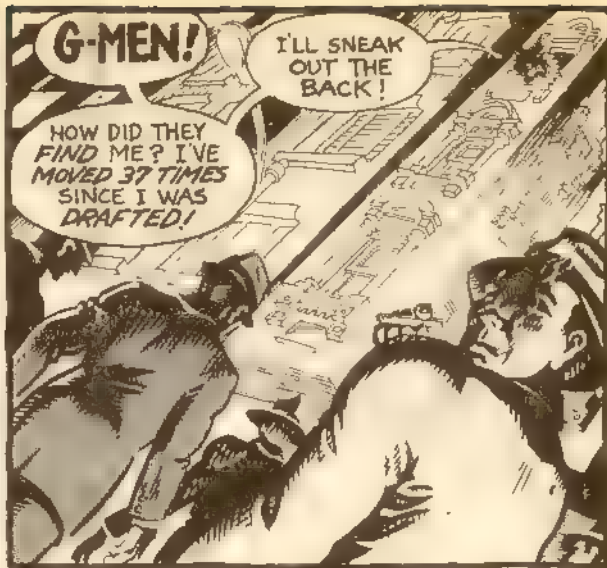
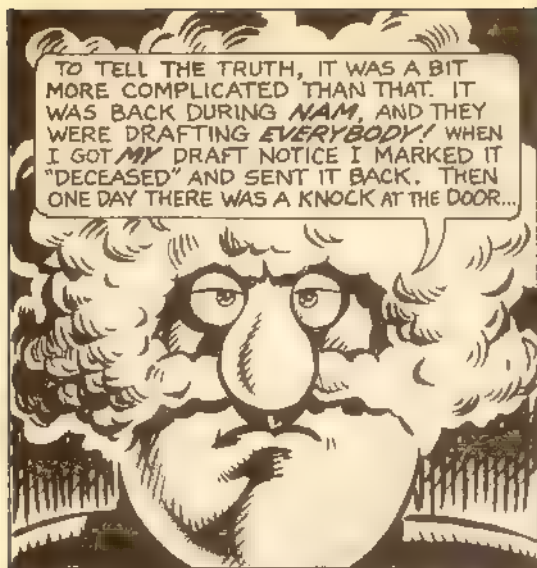
(OOPS!) SORRY,
MR. COZNOWFSKY!



(AHEM!) ACTUALLY I MYSELF WAS NEVER
IN THE ARMED SERVICES! I WAS REJECTED
FOR INTRANSIGENT SINISTRALITY!

BESIDES, I'M A WELL-KNOWN MAN OF PEACE!







I HEAR SCREAMS FROM THE BUILDING NEXT DOOR, CHIEF!

IT MIGHT BE OUR GUY!

SHRIEK

WE'LL FIND HIM IF WE HAVE TO TURN THIS BUILDING INTO RUBBLE, LADY!

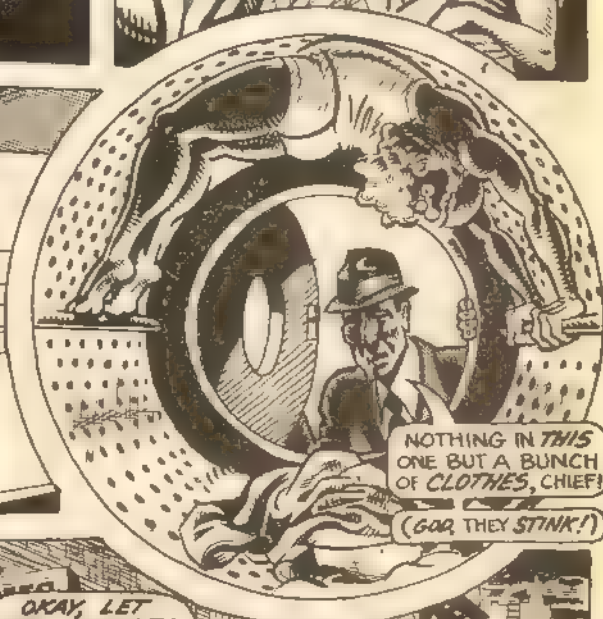


OH, BLESS YOU, OFFICER! BLESS YOU!



THE LAUNDRY ROOM! I'LL HIDE IN ONE OF THOSE BIG DRYERS!

LAUNDRY CHUTE



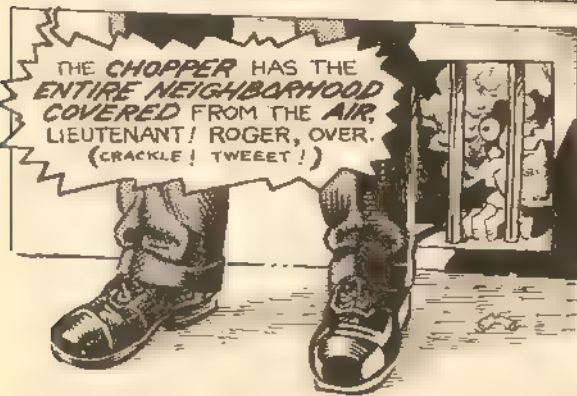
NOTHING IN THIS ONE BUT A BUNCH OF CLOTHES, CHIEF!

(GOD, THEY STINK!)



WE HAVE THE BUILDING SEALED OFF COMPLETELY ANTISEPTICALLY, SIR! HE'LL NEVER GET OUT NOW!

OKAY, LET THAT TROLLEY THROUGH!

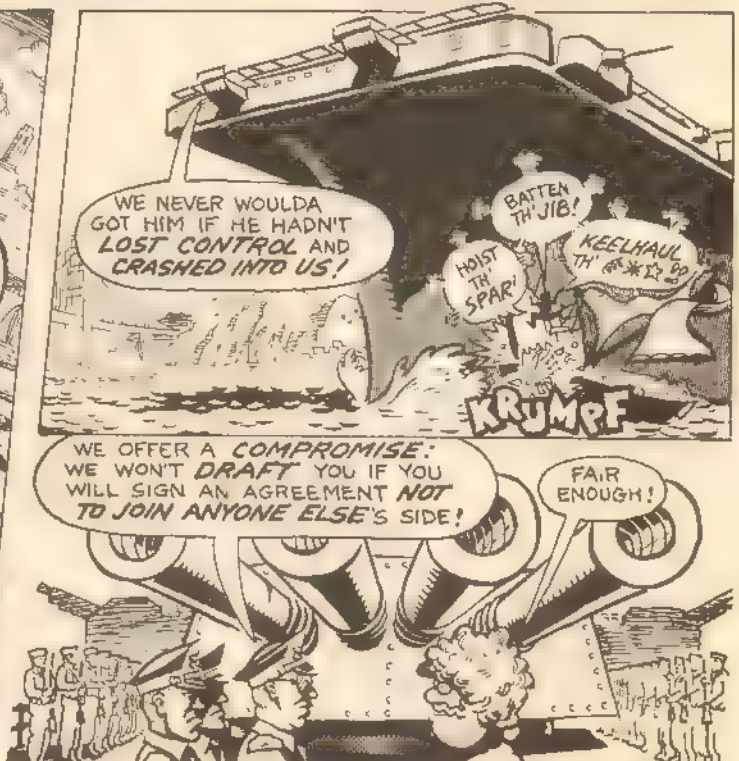
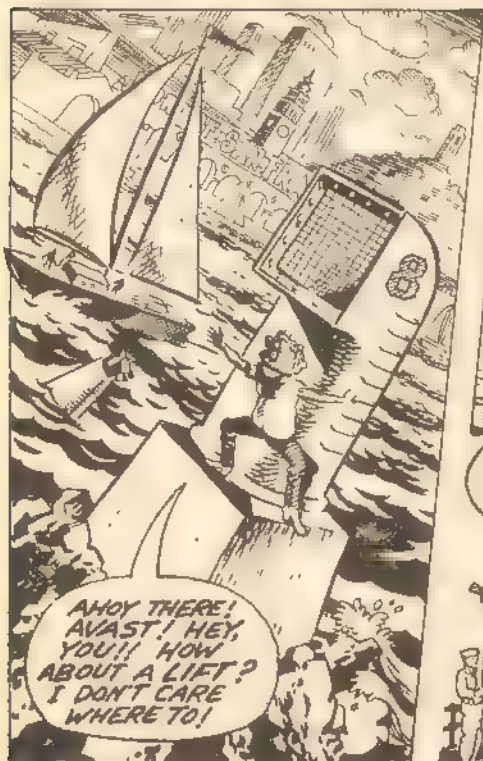
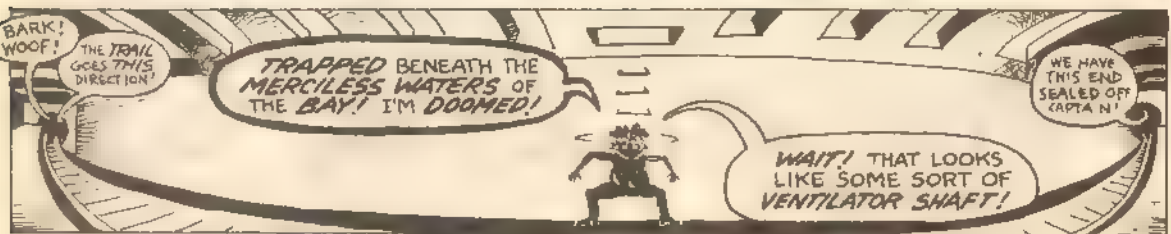


THE CHOPPER HAS THE ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD COVERED FROM THE AIR, LIEUTENANT! ROGER, OVER. (CRACKLE! TWEET!)



THEY'RE BRINGING OUT A TRUCKLOAD OF DOGS, SERGEANT

CENTRAL'S SENDING OVER AN INFRARED DEVICE WITH A BODY HEAT DETECTOR.



GOODNESS! IS THAT TRULY FAIR, NOW? WELL, ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR, AS THEY SAY. FAIR'S FAIR, THEY SAY, TOO. NOT GOOD, JUST FAIR. ALL'S NOT GOOD IN LOVE AND WAR. BUT ANYHOW... YOU'VE HEARD OF GOOD, REAL, AND TRUE LOVE, BUT HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A FAIR LOVE? YOU'RE ABOUT TO! HERE'S A FAIRLY GOOD, FAIRLY REAL, AND FAIRLY TRUTHFUL EPISODE FROM THE ANNALS OF

FAT FREDDY'S True Romances

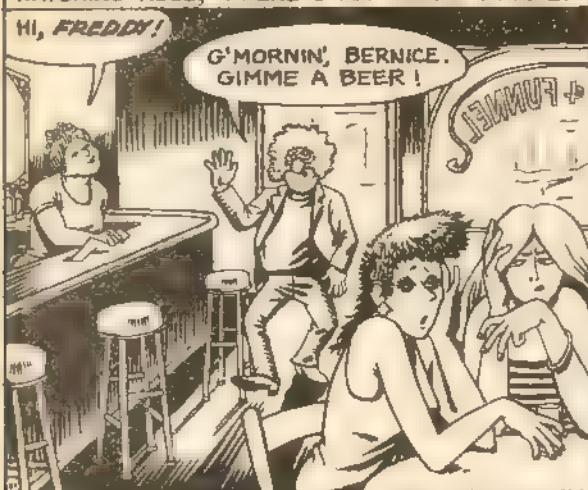
HEY, YOU ALL KNOW WHAT A GREAT FIGHTER I AM, BUT YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T REALIZE I'M A PRETTY FAIR LOVER, TOO!



IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, JUST ASK AROUND DOWN AT THE "FROG AND FUNNEL," THE LOCAL WATERING HOLE, WHERE I AM KNOWN BY ALL.

HI, FREDDY!

G'MORNIN', BERNICE.
GIMME A BEER!



ASK BERNICE, THE BARTENDER. SHE'S A GREAT PERSON. SHE'S ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE OR SO, AND SHE'S SORT OF A MOTHER FIGURE FOR EVERYONE.

HAVE A
GOOD TIME
LAST NIGHT,
FREDDY?

GEE, I DON'T
KNOW. I CAN'T
REMEMBER
TOO WELL.



JUST LAST NIGHT, FOR INSTANCE, I NOTICED THIS *BEAUTIFUL REDHEAD* SITTING AT THE OTHER END OF THE BAR, SO I WALKED ON DOWN AND *TURNED ON* THE OLD *CHARM*.

HEY, DIDJA HEAR
THE JOKE ABOUT THE
GUY THAT PAINTED
THE HORSE'S HOOVES
GREEN?

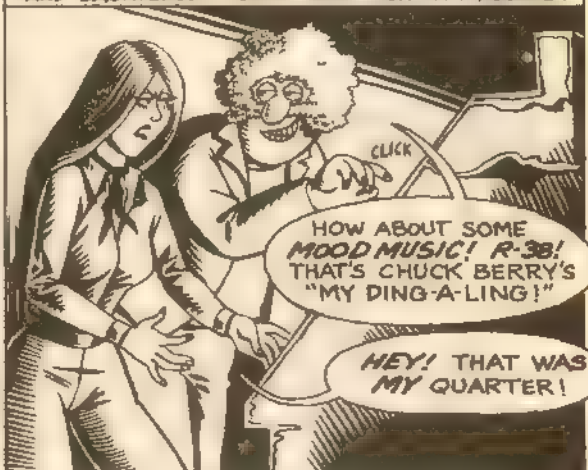
(AHEM!) BARTENDER,
WOULD YOU TELL THIS
PERSON TO QUIT
BOTHERING ME?



JUST THEN, I SPIED THIS *GREAT-LOOKING BRUNETTE* OVER BY THE *JUKE BOX*. SO I *TOSSED DOWN* THE REST OF MY *WALLBANGER* AND SAUNTERED OVER TO SHOW HER MY *MOVE'S*.

HOW ABOUT SOME
MOOD MUSIC! R-38!
THAT'S CHUCK BERRY'S
"MY DING-A-LING!"

HEY! THAT WAS
MY QUARTER!



SO I SIDLED OVER TO THIS *PETITE LITTLE BLONDE* AND PROCEEDED TO LITERALLY *MELT* HER INTO A *PUDDLE*...

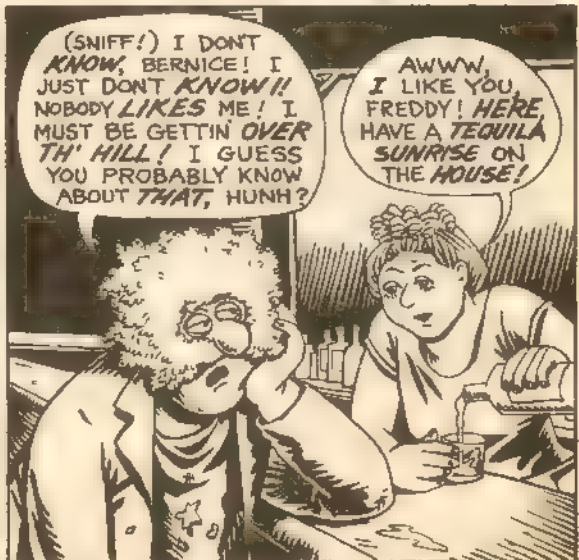
HI! I...

SORRY! I
HAVE A
HEADACHE!



(SNIFF!) I DON'T
KNOW, BERNICE! I
JUST DON'T KNOW!!
NOBODY *LIKES* ME! I
MUST BE GETTIN' OVER
TH' HILL! I GUESS
YOU PROBABLY KNOW
ABOUT THAT, HUNH?

AWWW,
I LIKE YOU
FREDDY! *HERE*
HAVE A *TEQUILA*
SUNRISE ON
THE *HOUSE*!



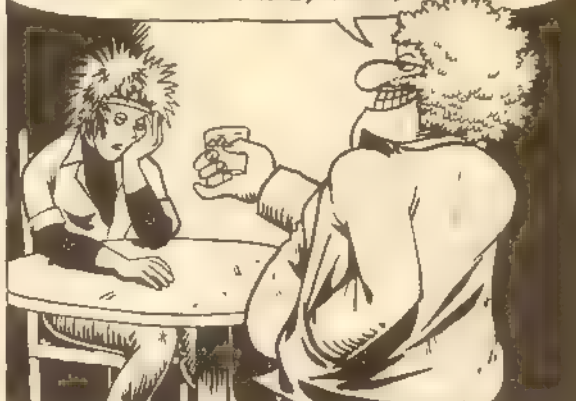
THEN *BERNICE* GAVE ME A *GREAT SUGGESTION*

WHY DON'T YOU GO TALK TO THAT ONE OVER IN THE CORNER THERE, FREDDY? SHE'S BEEN HERE SINCE 5:00! MAYBE SHE'S *LOVELY*.



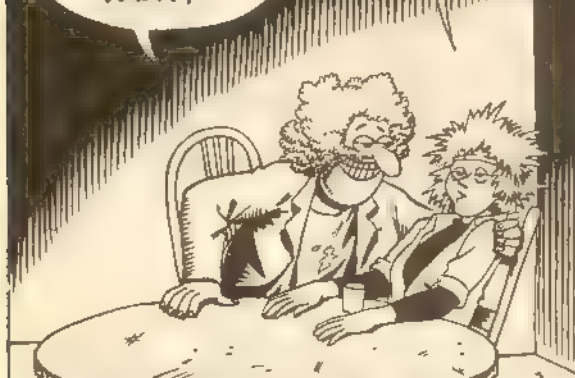
SO I WENT OVER AND LAID A FEW OF THE BEST LINES FROM "HOW TO PICK UP CHICKS" ON HER.

WHATS A *NICE GIRL* LIKE YOU DOING IN A *DUMP* LIKE THIS? CAN I BUY YOU A *DRINK*? (OOOPS! I'M OUT OF *MONEY*!) WELL, WOULD YOU LIKE THE REST OF *MINE*, THEN?



WHY DON'T WE GET *OUT* OF THIS NOISY PLACE AND GO SOMEPLACE WHERE WE CAN *TALK*?

(BELCH.)



§ GOOD NIGHT, §
EVERYBODY!

SEE YOU TOMORROW, FREDDY.



AWWW, GEE WHIZ! SHE *PASSED OUT*! I'LL HAVE TO *CARRY HER HOME*!

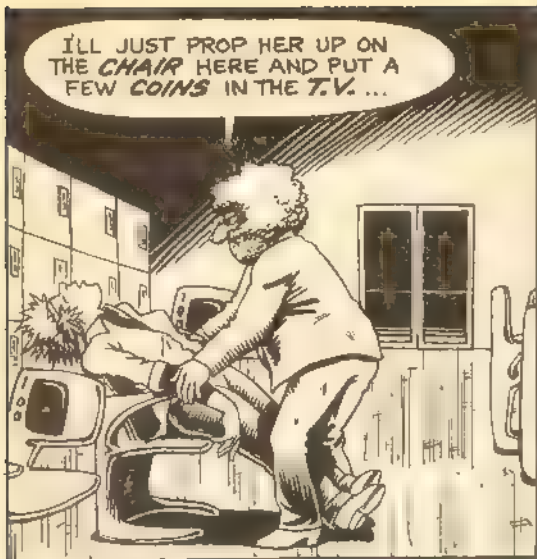


WHEW! I'M TOO *TIRE*D TO TOTE HER ANY *FARTHER*! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO *LEAVE* HER SOMEWHERE...

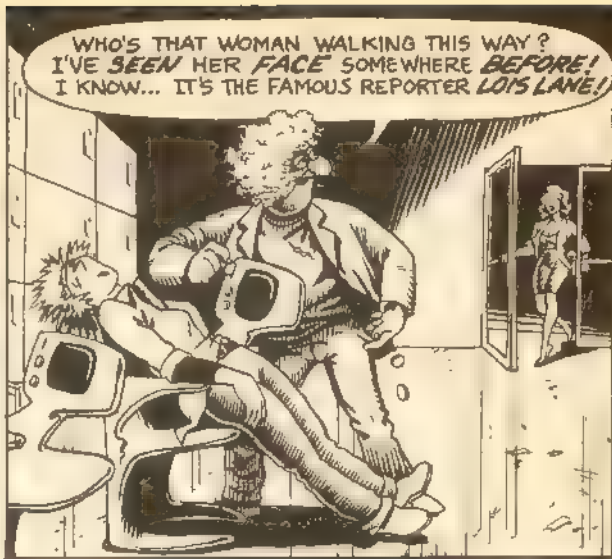
AH! THE *BUS STATION* WOULD BE *PERFECT*!



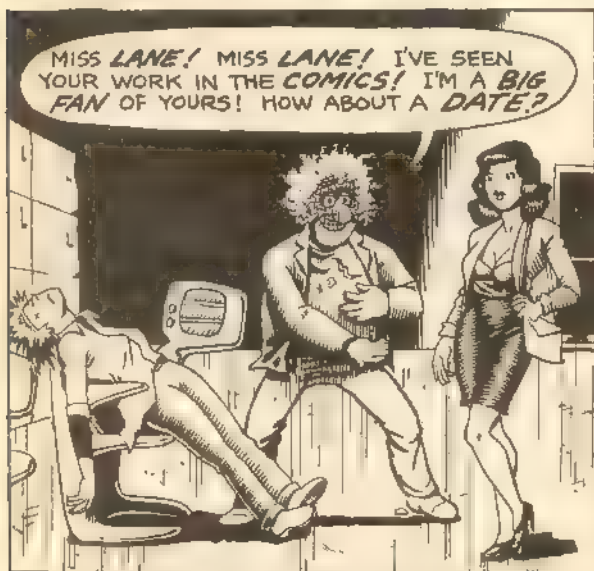
I'LL JUST PROP HER UP ON THE *CHAIR* HERE AND PUT A FEW *COINS* IN THE *T.V.*...



WHO'S THAT WOMAN WALKING THIS WAY? I'VE SEEN HER *FACE* SOMEWHERE *BEFORE*! I KNOW... IT'S THE FAMOUS REPORTER *LOIS LANE*!



MISS *LANE*! MISS *LANE*! I'VE SEEN YOUR WORK IN THE *COMICS*! I'M A *BIG FAN* OF YOURS! HOW ABOUT A *DATE*?



I'M SORRY, I DON'T DATE *NECROPHILIACS*.



(CHOKES!) SHE WOULDN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT IF SHE KNEW WHO I *REALLY* WAS!



IN FACT, I THINK I'LL JUST DUCK INTO THIS *TELEPHONE BOOTH* AND CHANGE INTO...



LOOK UP THERE IN THE SKY!

IS IT A BIRD?

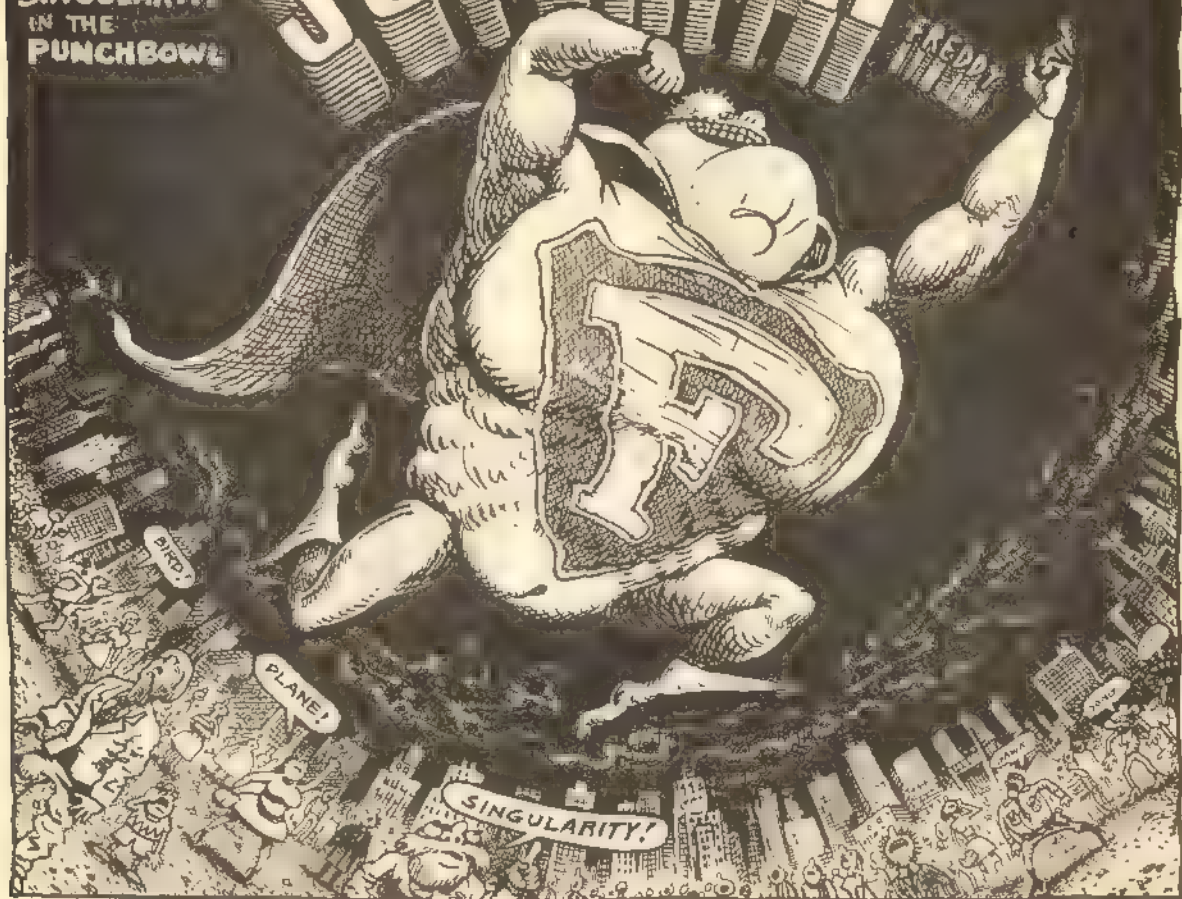
IS IT A PLANE?

NO!

IT'S THAT
SINGULARITY
IN THE
PUNCHBOWL

SUPERFAT

FREDDY



FASTER THAN A

SPEEDING BULLET



BULLET,
NOT
PULLET!

MORE POWERFUL
THAN A LOCOMOTIVE

TOOT TOOT



(...and **FAT** as a firkin
o' **WART HOG**)



Able to leap over **LARGE**
TABLES in a **SINGLE BOUND**.



**FREDDY! WHAT THE HELL DO
YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? PUT
ON YOUR CLOTHES AND GO HOME!**

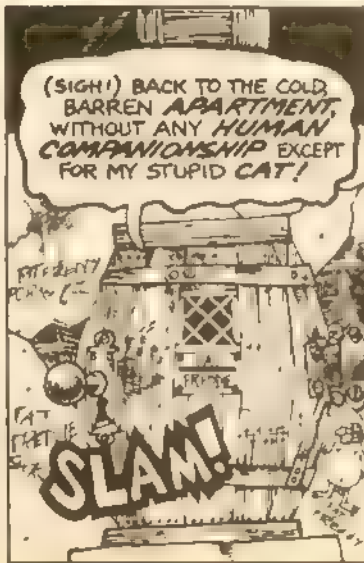
RIGHT NOW!



(SNIFFLE!) I WAS RIGHT
ALL ALONG! NOBODY
LIKES ME! I'M JUST A
BURNT-OUT OLD ALCOHOLIC
SLEAZEBAG! (GULP!)(CHOKE!)
(WHIMPER!) (MOAN!)



(SIGH!) BACK TO THE COLD,
BARREN APARTMENT,
WITHOUT ANY HUMAN
COMPANIONSHIP EXCEPT
FOR MY STUPID CAT!



I'M GONNA (BURP!) TRY
ONE MORE TIME, AND IF
THIS ROUTINE ISN'T A HIT,
I'M GONNA **RETIRE** FROM
THE **COMIX BIZ FOREVER!**



YOU'VE READ ABOUT THE ONE THAT WAS TRAPPED IN A WORLD HE NEVER MADE.
WELL, THIS ONE WAS TO BE STUCK IN A BED HE NEVER MADE!



FREDERICK THE DUCK

SO. HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED THE
ADVANTAGES OF BEING TWO FEET TALL?

THERE'S ONLY ONE
ADVANTAGE: YOU CAN
SEE UP ALL THE GIRLS'
DRESSES!

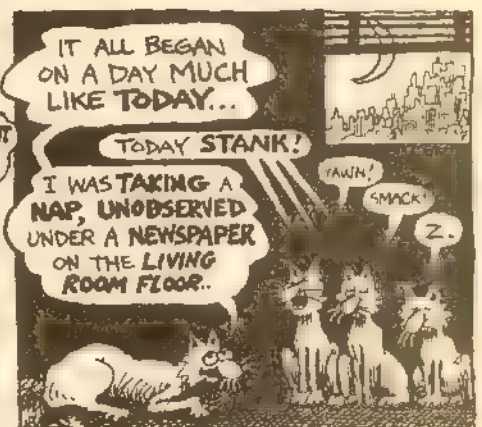
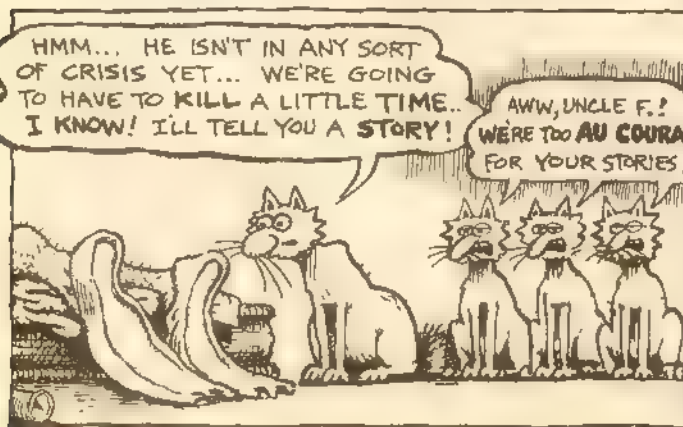
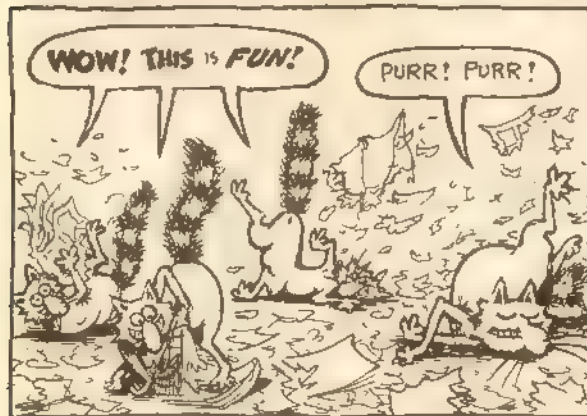
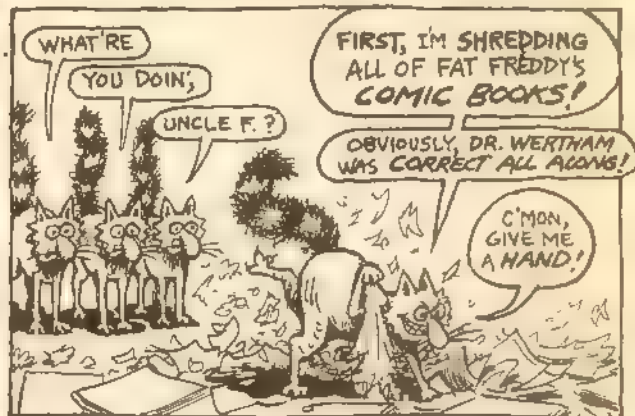
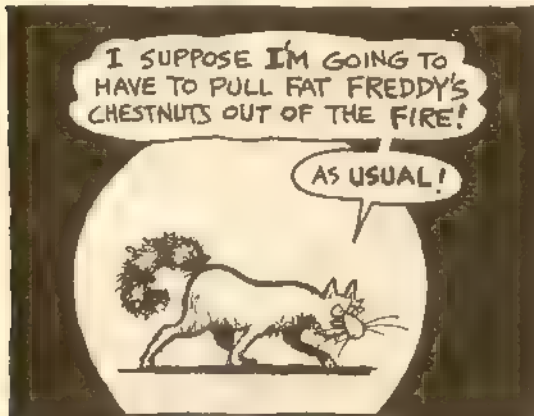
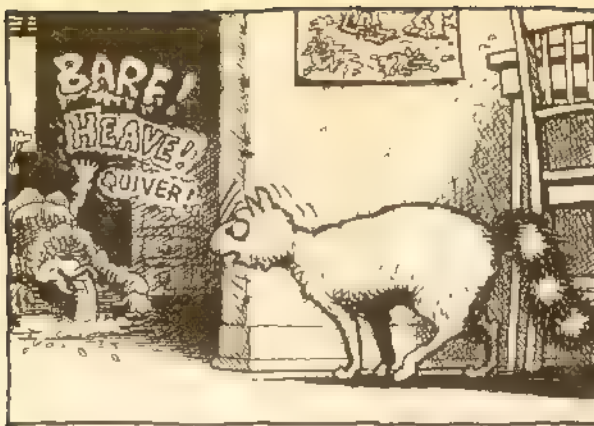
TED
RICHARDS

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IT'S MORE DIFFICULT
WHEN YOU'RE FIVE ELEVEN!

(SIGH.) (BELCH?)
HEY! WANNA HEAR
A DUCK JOKE?





I NEVER EVEN KNEW WHAT HIT ME. IT WAS JUST
 LUCK!
 YOW! I MUSTA MISCOUNTED! I WAS
 THINKING I HAD AT LEAST THREE LIVES LEFT!

AS I FLOATED UPWARD THROUGH THE INK, IT
 BEGAN TO GET MORE AND MORE LIGHT, AND WARMER.

SLOWLY, SOMETHING WAS COMING INTO VIEW.

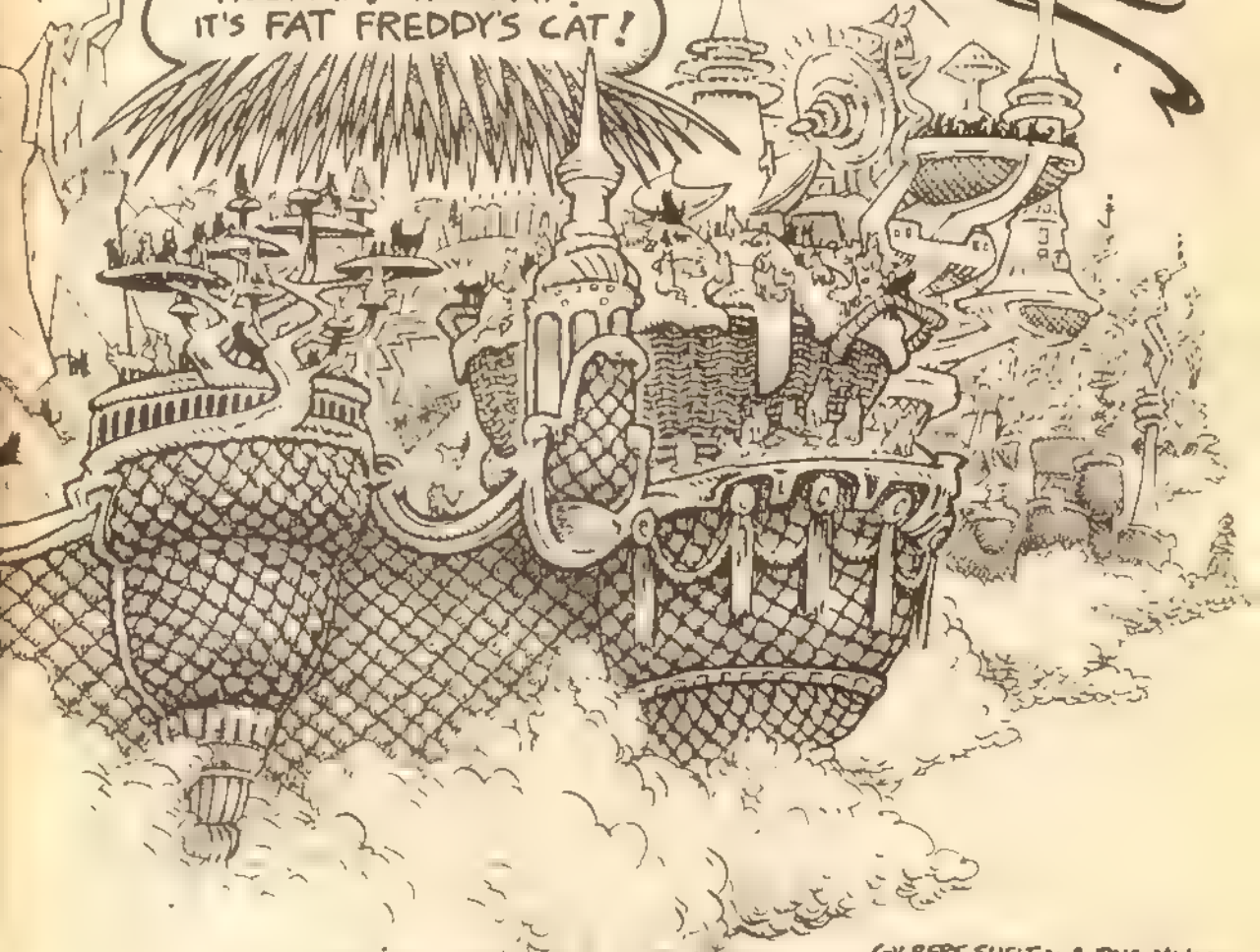
WHAT'S THAT HANGING
 DOWN FROM ABOVE?
 IT LOOKS LIKE THE
 CORNER OF A REALLY
 EXPENSIVE DAMASK
 TABLECLOTH!

SO I HOOKED SOME CLAWS INTO THE FATUOUS
 FABRIC AND PROCEEDED TO MOUNT THE SUMMIT.

AFTER A BIT OF A CLIMB,
 I REACHED THE TOP...

THE ADVENTURES OF
EAT FREDDY'S CAT in
Paradise

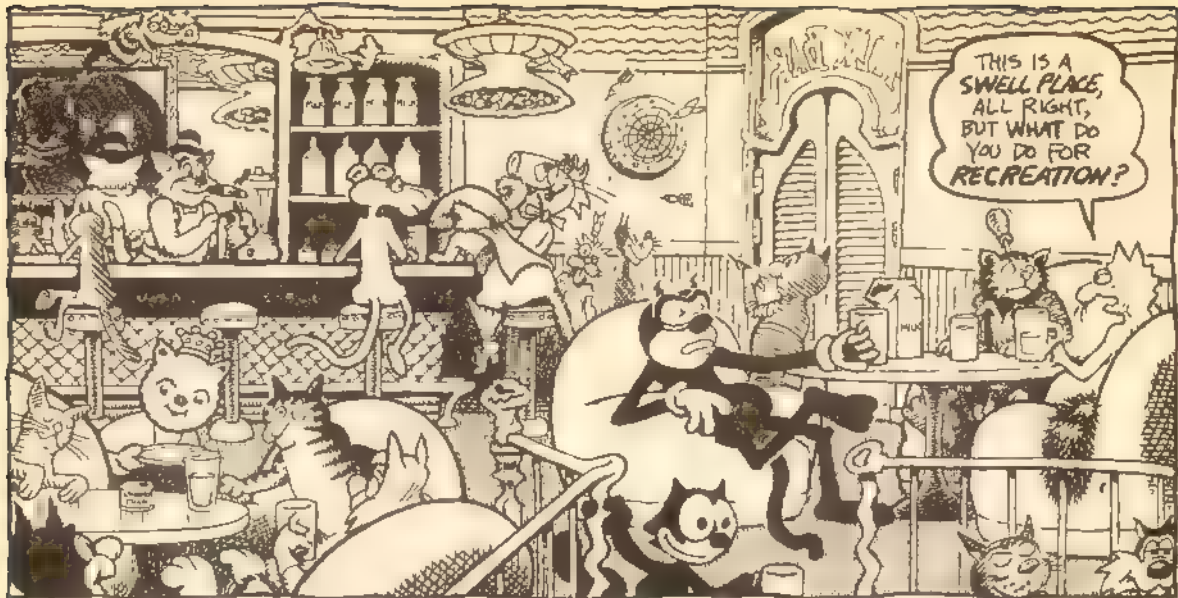
Revisited



HOORAY! HOORAY!
 IT'S FAT FREDDY'S CAT!

GILBERT SHELTON & PAUL MAVRIDES

<p>WHELK HUM DEW OVEN VAT FRET EAST CAP!</p> <p>ARGUISH JAN 27 1947</p>	<p>WHAT LANGUAGE ARE YOU SPEAKING? OH! IT'S KRAZY KAT! HELLO THERE!</p>	<p>FELIX! DESDEMONA! FRITZ! WALDO! BILL! ALL THE GREAT CATS OF CARTOON LITERATURE ARE HERE! HOW SPLENDID!</p> <p>PLUS A SPRINKLING FROM THE STAGE AND SCREEN!</p> <p>LET'S GO DOWN TO THE MILK BAR AND LAP UP A FEW!</p>
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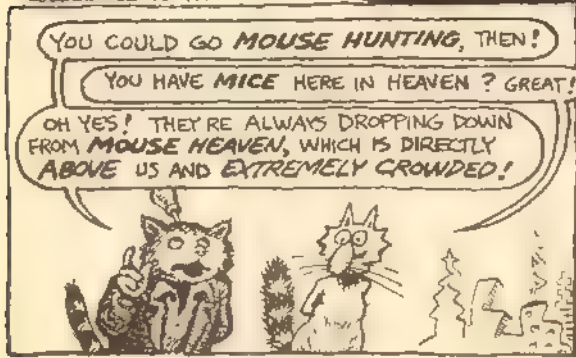
ON SUNDAYS WE HAVE THE **BULLDOGFIGHTS!** YOU SEE, BELOW US IS **DOG HEAVEN**, AND EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE ONE OF THEM DUMB SONS OF BITCHES SOMEHOW MANAGES TO **DIE**, RIGHT THERE IN HIS OWN HEAVEN WHERE HE HAS EVERYTHING GOING FOR HIM.



...AND THEY'RE SO DAMNED **STUPID** THEY COME UP **HERE** TO OUR HEAVEN WHERE **WE** RULE! SO WE PUT 'EM IN THE **RING!** WOULD YOU CARE TO GIVE IT A GO?



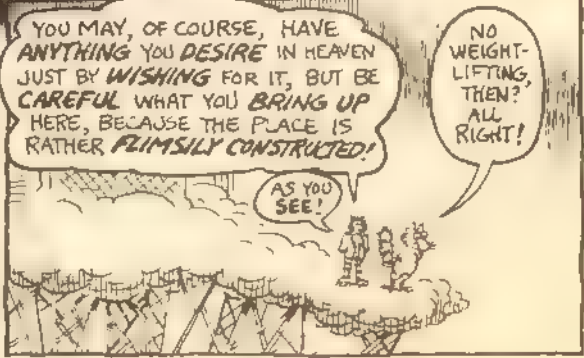
ER... NO THANKS!



YOU COULD GO **MOUSE HUNTING**, THEN!

YOU HAVE **MICE** HERE IN HEAVEN? GREAT!

OH YES! THEY'RE ALWAYS DROPPING DOWN FROM **MOUSE HEAVEN**, WHICH IS DIRECTLY ABOVE US AND EXTREMELY CROWDED!



YOU MAY, OF COURSE, HAVE ANYTHING YOU **DESIRE** IN HEAVEN JUST BY **WISHING** FOR IT, BUT BE **CAREFUL** WHAT YOU **BRING** UP HERE, BECAUSE THE PLACE IS RATHER **FLIMSILY** CONSTRUCTED!

NO WEIGHT-LIFTING, THEN? ALL RIGHT!

AS YOU SEE!

VERY QUICKLY, HOWEVER, JUST AS HE HAD
FEARED, FAT FREDDY'S CAT BECAME
BORED WITH THE AFTERLIFE IN PARADISE.

HMM. WHAT CAN I DO FOR
ENTERTAINMENT *NOW*? TAKE A
NAP? NAW, I JUST DID THAT..

YEP, FORGNE ME FOR SAYING
IT, BOYS, BUT HEAVEN HAS ABOUT AS
MUCH ACTION AS AKRON, OHIO!

UH-OH! I'VE BORED EVERYONE TO SLEEP,
MYSELF INCLUDED! AND WHILE WE DOZED,
THE TEMPERATURE DROPPED A FULL
FIFTY DEGREES, AND HERE'S THIS OBESE
MORON ASLEEP IN A POOL OF HIS OWN
REGURGITATION, CLAD ONLY IN HIS
JOCKEY SHORTS, RIGHT IN FRONT OF
THE OPEN WINDOW!

WE'VE LOST
HIM, LADS!
HE'S ALREADY
DEAD OF
EXPOSURE!

OH GOSH! THAT'S
REALLY SAD TO HEAR!

GO ON AND
FINISH YOUR
STORY, ANYHOW!

...AS I WAS SAYING, IT WAS SO
EXTREMELY, STULTIFYINGLY,
TEDIOUSLY BORING THAT I
FORGOT WHAT I WAS DOING AND
INADVERTENTLY SUMMONED UP
THAT FAT FUZZY DEMON...

I WISH OL' **FAT FREDDY** WERE HERE
SO I COULD CRAP IN HIS SOCKS
AND WATCH THE *EXPRESSION* ON HIS FACE!

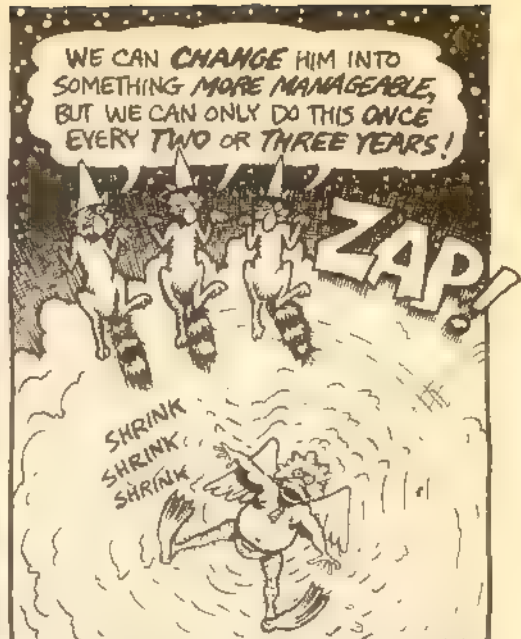
HE WAS WEARING, OF ALL THINGS, A
PLASTIC DUCK BILL AND SWIM FINS.

UNHHH! OHHHH!
WHERE AM I? (GRUNT!)
ARRRGGGG-HHH!
OHH! MY HEAD!

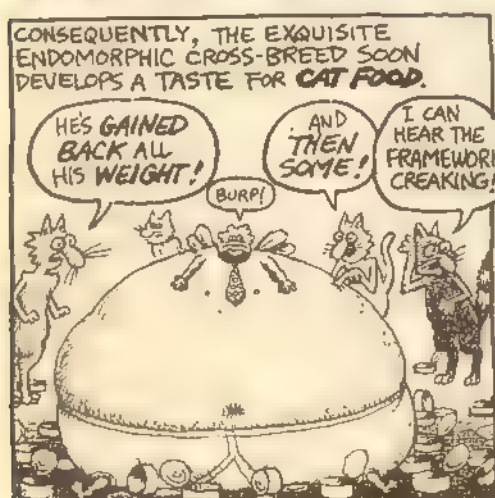
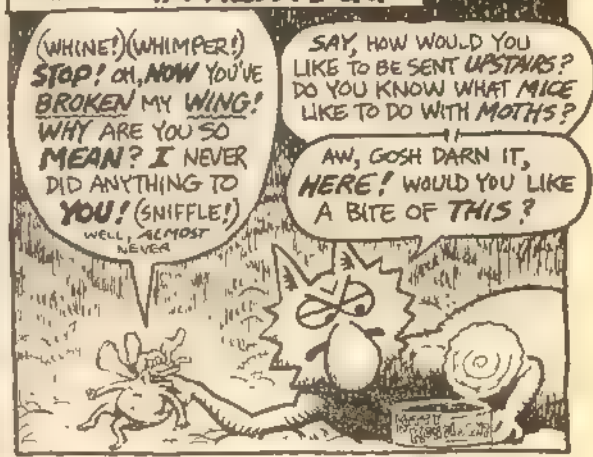
STOP HIM!
HE'LL RUIN THE
SUPERSTRUCTURE!

HEY! HOW
DID WE GET
INVOLVED IN
THIS ???

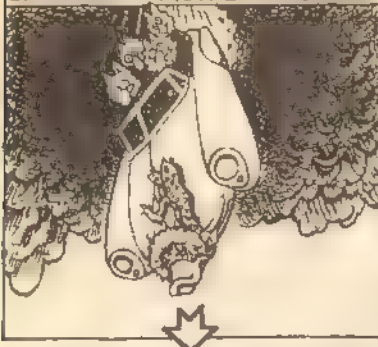
CRASH
TINKLE



HOWEVER, THE PITIFUL AND CEASELESS CRIES
OF THE PLUMP LITTLE **FREDDY-INSECTOID** PROVE
TO BE TOO MUCH EVEN FOR THE JADED SYMPATHY
GLANDS OF **FAT FREDDY'S CAT...**



OFF FLY OUR HEROES, LIKE AN ANVIL.
OR, MORE PRECISELY, A BLUE-GREEN 1950
STUDEBAKER COMMANDER CONVERTIBLE.



DOWN, DOWN THROUGH THE NUMEROUS
STAGES OF PARADISE: FIRST, THE DOGS,
CAUSING THEM TO LOSE THEIR COMPOSURE.



AND LATER, SOMEWHERE TOWARD THE
BOTTOM, THE ANTHROPOMORPHIC LEVEL.

IF AN EVAN CATCH
YEW SPEEDY THROUGH
MAH BAILWICK AGAIN,
BWAH, AHM TAKIN'
AWAY YOH LICENCE!

FORGIVE THEM,
FATHER, FOR
THEY KNOW NOT
WHAT THEY DO!

THEY MUSTA BEEN
DOIN' TWO HUNDRED!



EARTH
HO!!!

PUT ON
THE
BRAKES
NOW.

OR THE FLAPS,
OR WHATEVER!



I THINK I
DETECT A
VERY FAINT
HEARTBEAT!

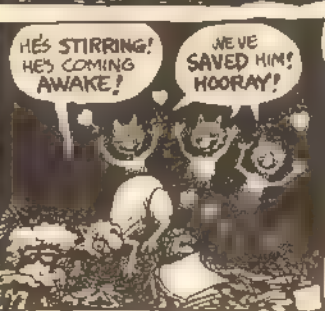
DON'T STOP
EMITTING
THAT INFRARED
MEN! WE CAN
PULL HIM OUT!

I BELIEVE THERES A DIM GLIMMER!
PILE ON MORE COMICS, GUYS!



HE'S STIRRING!
HE'S COMING
AWAKE!

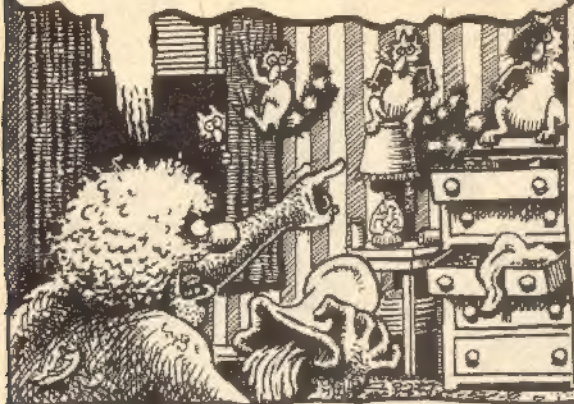
WE'VE
SAVED HIM!
HOORAY!



AARRRRRRRHHH!
WHICH ONE OF YOU CATS
BARFED ON MY COMIC BOOKS?!



YOU! YOU! YOU! AND YOU!
YOU ALL LOOK GUILTY AS HELL!!



I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL SKIN YOU ALL ALIVE AND HANG YOUR MUTILATED PELTS FROM THE CLOTHESLINE AS A GRIM WARNING TO ALL CATS EVERYWHERE!



I HATE CATS!
I HATE CATS!
I HATE CATS!



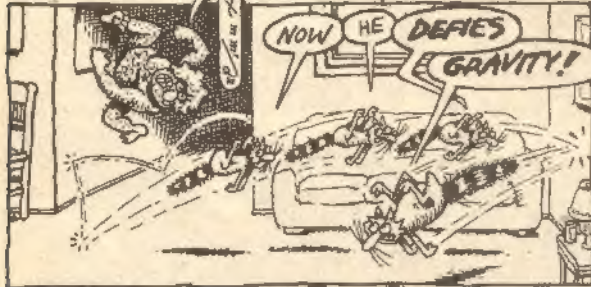
THIS IS THE THANKS WE GET?

(SIGH!) IT'S A JUNGLE DOWN HERE, KIDS! KEEP ON TRUCKIN'!

Let there be more to extend mercy unto them:
 Neither let there be any to favour his
 fatherless children.



HE'S REGRESSING IN TIME!



NOW HE DEFIES GRAVITY!

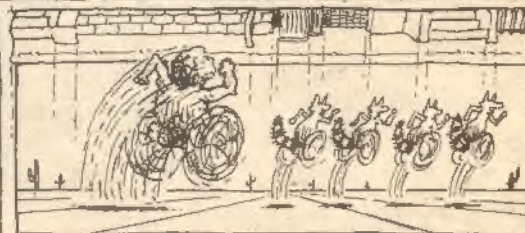


MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN!



SPLAT!

T H U D!



The END

HELLO! IT'S **ME** AGAIN, THE **OLD BACK-HOE OPERATOR**! I HOPE YOU APPRECIATED THIS LITTLE SELECTION FROM THE RIP OFF PRESS **DEMIMONDE** OF **SEMI-LITERATURE**! THE PEOPLE AT RIP OFF PRESS HAVE ALSO ASKED ME TO URGE YOU READERS TO SEND **50¢** FOR THE LATEST **CATALOG** OF WHATEVER IT IS THEY'RE **SELLING**, AND TO **KEEP THOSE CARDS AND LETTERS COMING**! AS FOR **ME**, I'VE HAD MY **BACK-HOE REPOSSESSED** BY THE **FINANCE COMPANY**, BUT I STILL HAVE A WHOLE **LOT OF GREAT STORIES**! I GET THEM FROM ALL THOSE CARDS AND LETTERS AT **R.O.P.**, AS A **MATTER OF FACT**!

THEY JUST HANDED ME A STORY THAT CAME IN THE MAIL THIS **MORNING**! THE TITLE IS "**FAT FREDDY IN 'BURNED AGAIN!'**" AND IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE TRUE STORY OF THE, UH, THE NOTORIOUS SAN FRANCISCO, UH, MAD ARSONIST AND WINO TORCHER!

I DON'T LIKE THE **LOOKS OF THIS**! I BETTER GET **RID** OF IT BEFORE...

AIEEEEEEE!

I'VE GOT IT **MADE IN THE SHADE!** I'M SET UP FOR **LIFE, GANG!**

ALL I GOTTA DO IS **SELL ONE SUBSCRIPTION!**



Be the first one on your block to get a

LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION

TO FAT FREDDY'S COMICS & STORIES

(CHECK HERE)



I WANT A LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION TO **FAT FREDDY'S COMICS & STORIES**. ENCLOSED IS A CASHIER'S CHECK FOR THE AMOUNT OF **\$50,000.00** MADE OUT TO **FREDDY FREEKOWTSKI** AND SEND IT CARE OF **RIP OFF PRESS, BOX 14158, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94114**. SORRY, **LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTIONS ONLY**, PLEASE.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

HITCH YOUR WAGON



TO A CHICKEN

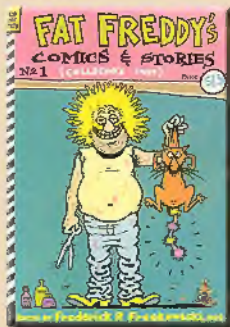


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Sir Real's

**UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX**

Fat Freddy's Comics & Stories #1

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- 3 - Tales From The Old Back-Hoe Operator
- 7 - Space Case
- 11 - Freddy The Barbarian
- 15 - G.I. Freddy
- 19 - Fat Freddy's True Romances
- 23 - Superfat Freddy
- 25 - Frederick The duck
- 28 - Fat Freddy's Cat in "Paradise Revisited"
- 35 - Lifetime Subscription
- 36 - Hitch Your Wagon to a Chicken

Artists:

- Gilbert Shelton - 1-2, 3-6+, 27-34+, 35-36
- Paul Mavrides - 3-6+, 27-34+
- Hal Robins - 7-10
- Jack Jackson (= "Jaxon") - 11-14
- Spain Rodriguez - 15-18
- Guy Colwell - 19-22
- S. Clay Wilson - 23-24
- Ted Richards - 25-28

Comments:

Ink smudge in the lower right frame of page 21.